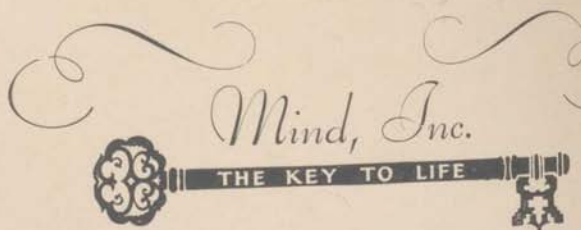


Mind, Inc.

JULY 1929





LESSON III

THE OPEN DOOR



JUL -9 1929



Vol. I.

JULY, 1929

No. 3.

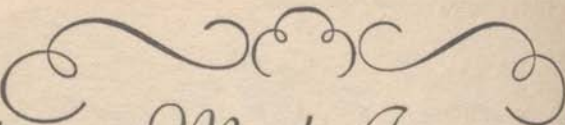
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Office of Publication, 19th and Federal Streets, Camden, N. J.
 Editorial Offices, Mind, Inc., 599 Fifth Avenue, New York.
 Jersey City address, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.
 Copyright, 1929, by Mind, Inc. All rights reserved.
 Printed in the United States of America.
 Subscription price, \$4.85 a year in advance. Single copies, 50c.

MIND, INC., *Publishers*Robert Collier, *President*H. R. Sekwood, *Treasurer*



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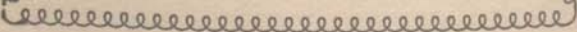
Dear Reader:

"What is man," asked the Prophet of old, "that Thou art mindful of him?"

And today many an earnest seeker after truth is repeating that question—*'What is man?'*

In a temple of the ancient Egyptians, recently unearthed, you may see the answer to that question—an answer so good that in all the thousands of years that have passed since it was made, few have improved upon its clarity and wisdom.

In this temple, God is pictured as



the Sun. Radiating from this Sun-center are thousands of rays, and at the end of each ray is a hand. Those hands represent mankind. Some are closed. Others are open. Some are trying to hold on to everything they get. Others give freely as they receive—and God's life flows through them in an unending stream.

Jesus gave a similar answer when He referred to man as a steward—a *distributor of his Lord's goods*.

God is the central Sun. He radiates every good thing. We are His hands—his means of *personalizing* that good. To the extent we act as *channels* for good, to the extent we release it for service, to that extent we receive more. But if we close our hands, if we try to hold on to all we receive, then we choke up the channel and the flow stops. Because

good, like steam or any other form of energy, can expand only when released!

You want money. Every man does. Then think—*not* money—but opulence. Think of yourself as having the greatest fortune on earth back of you, and USE WHAT YOU HAVE in any good cause, secure in the knowledge that there is plenty more where it came from. The rich man doesn't carry a lot of money around with him. He doesn't need to. He knows that the bank will honor any draft he may make upon it. *You* don't need to have a lot of money in hand to start any good work. Jesus taught us to depend upon God for CONTINUING supply—to draw upon Him as we need it.

The Psalmist of old sang—"The

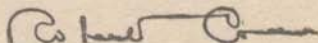
Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Today the man in business can paraphrase that—"The Lord is my banker, I shall not want."

But how can you draw upon this Banker?

In much the same way that you syphon water from a big receptacle into a little one—by first pouring some into your pipes to create a vacuum and *start the flow*.

Read *how* in the accompanying Lesson.

Sincerely,



LESSON III

The Open Door

REMEMBER, in the war, how they used to make models of the terrain along the war-front, in order that the boards of strategy over there and the interested public over here could study every move?

If you could model your circumstances in the same way, and if you were given the making of tomorrow, what would you make of it? What do you want most to see in it? Money? Love? Health? Power?

Given that opportunity, most people would choose money. So let us see how to put money not only into tomorrow, but into that long succession of tomorrows which stretches away before you through the years.

To begin with, we are told in the Bible that every good gift comes from the Father, with Whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. We are also told that we are all equally His children, that He gives impartially to all.

How are we to reconcile this with the fact that a millionaire has everything money can buy—lands and houses and servants and cars—while right alongside his estates live hundreds of poor with barely enough to keep body and soul together? On the face of it, it would seem as though God were showing favoritism.

“With Whom is no variableness.” With Whom is no favoritism. How, then, account for the difference? If the variableness is not in God, where is it?

For there is a variableness. Everyone will admit that. But it is not in God. It is in ourselves. The Rockefellers and the Fords and the Morgans have no more of God’s favor than you—they merely have USED more. There is just as much available for you. But you must TAKE it!

There is only one Mind, only one Source—not one for the rich and a different one for you. There is only one Mind, and that Mind is equally available to all—to rich and poor, to high and low alike.

What then makes the difference? Your own conception of that Mind and of yourself. Whatever you believe yourself to be—*really believe* deep down in that subconscious mind of yours—*THAT you manifest!*

Your mind is part of the great God-Mind. Can you conceive of that Creator of the Universe as poor, or in need, or sickly, or weak, or worried, or in any way limited? Then, since you are made in

His likeness, since *your mind is part of His*, why conceive yourself as poor, needy, sick, weak, worried or limited? There is no limit to what you can do but the limit you put upon yourself. There is no limit upon your supply but the limit *you* put upon it.

The trouble with you now is that you are working with the merely physical part of your body, the physical brain. That has its limitations—yes. But why not work with your WHOLE being? Your spirit is an essential part of you, and it in turn is an essential part of the Universal God-Mind. That God-Mind created the universe out of nothing. Certainly it can create anything you need. Yet you leave it entirely out of your calculations! You act as though you were a mere worm, the plaything of any circumstance, when you might be one of the Lords of Creation. You work with only the shadow of your real self, and as a result fall at the first obstacle, when the spirit in you is capable of sustaining the whole universe! You look to others or to outside circumstances for help, when all the while you have in you a Power capable of anything!

It is true that your physical self is little above the animals. It is true that it is just as subject to the Law of Averages. But why depend upon your physical self? "Of mine own self," said the Master of Man, "I can do nothing. It is the Father within me that doeth the works."

And if *you* are powerless in the clutch of adver

circumstance, your neighbor is just as much so. So there is no use looking to him for help. No use looking to outside circumstances or sources. Look *within!* Look to the God-life working through you. Look there—then **KNOW THAT IN IT YOU HAVE ALL THE SUPPLY YOU NEED!**

To do that, it is not necessary to claim that circumstances or conditions are any different from what they appear to others. It is merely necessary to disregard adverse circumstances, just as you disregard the darkness when you turn on the light. You press the button or throw the switch and an entirely different set of conditions immediately appears.

Just so it is with adverse circumstances in your life or your business. Disregard them, go to the primary Source, and your adverse conditions will fade away like the darkness, while a new set of positive conditions takes their place.

You see, God is Life. And Life can only be affirmative. Evil is negative, therefore it is not of God. It is the *lack* of Him. Life is positive.

God is Life. And Life is everywhere—in you, in your business, in the air you breathe, even in the apparently inanimate objects around you. Science shows that inside the “deadest” lump of lead, tiny atoms of life-energy are whirling about at a speed to which the rate of an express train is slow.

Life is everywhere. Wherever ether is, life is. And ether fills all the interspaces in the universe.

There is no vacuum so perfect as to exclude Life. It is so abundant that everyone can have all of it he can use. There is no limit upon the amount of it he can take—no limit except the amount he can absorb.

And Life is the plastic substance out of which everything else is made. *It goes into us potential anything. It comes out modelled into the circumstances of our lives.* For Life has the faculty of drawing to itself every element it needs for its expression!

If some magician offered you a modelling wax out of which to form your tomorrow, you would pay him any price for it, would you not?

Yet you have that wax in your hands right now! Every day and all day, you are modelling what you will be tomorrow. You are the sculptor of your fate. And yet, when your models turn out badly, you have the nerve to rail against fate! What is fate but *YOU*?

But, you may say, I've been trying all my life to make enough money to provide myself and my family with the necessities of life. And I'm no farther ahead now than I was ten years ago. Why, if I am such a good modeller in wax, can't I model money?

Have you ever seen a sculptor toying with a bit of modelling clay? He starts to form it into this figure, then into that, and after an hour it is no nearer to becoming anything than it was in the

beginning. Why? Because he kept changing his mind every few minutes. To model anything worthwhile—in clay, or wax, or the plastic substance of which your tomorrows are made—you must know what you want to make, and then stick to it until you have made it.

Life is all about you. There is an infinite amount of it in you this very minute. It is the plastic substance out of which your body, your circumstances, your life, are made. And YOU are the maker. The forms your beliefs mold that Life-energy into, are the forms you are going to live with tomorrow.

You want money. What is the first step? To realize that you HAVE in you *now* the material out of which you can make any amount of riches. 'Tis true—you may be like the merchant with ships full of treasure on the seven seas and no money in your house with which to pay for current needs. But he would not feel poor on that account. He would know that he was rich. He would know it and feel serenely confident despite his apparent momentary lack. And others, sensing that confidence, would also believe him rich, and trust him accordingly.

You have an infinite amount of Life in you—the plastic substance out of which you can make what you will. True—it is not yet in spendable form. It must go through the ore-crusher and the furnace of your mind before it can draw to itself

the elements necessary to make visible wealth. But the first essential is to realize that it IS wealth and that you HAVE it!

Then comes the form it is to take. Money, you know, is simply pent-up energy. It is the equivalent of a certain amount of labor, a certain quantity of goods. What form of energy shall the riches you want, take? In what way shall they manifest themselves? In other words, what outlet have you provided the Life inside you for its pent-up energy?

The Law of Life is that energy expands only when put to use. Release the electron in an atom, and it expands to the size of the atom itself! Divide the life cells in your body, and the divided parts proceed to grow to their original size! To grow—and multiply. The Law of Life is really the Law of Division and Growth.

So how do you plan to release this energy you are storing, to form riches? You must find an outlet for it, you know, if it is to expand—an outlet of service. It must be put to work. What is that? If you had vast riches, you would help everyone in need, you would build a business which should be known the world over for its unique service, for its unusual values, for the good-will its customers felt toward it?

Well, why not START now? Stewart started what is now the great Wanamaker New York store on a total capital of \$1.50. Before he died, he had made \$30,000,000.00. Peter Van Vlaanderen

started his \$750,000.00 factory with a foot-lathe, a boiler salvaged from a scrap heap and an old barn for which he paid \$1 a month rent. And hundreds of other successful businesses have started with as little.

Lillian Trasher started an orphanage in Egypt on an initial donation of 35 cents! "From that time to this," she says, "our big family (it now numbers 485) has never missed a meal, nor have we gone into debt for one thing."

There are three great essentials to every successful undertaking, be it a business, or an orphanage, or just the making of money. The first is an idea—a desire, a model, call it what you will. Energy, without an engine in which to work, is of no value. Your idea is your engine. The second is belief in it—the sort of belief that sees the very stars in their courses stooping to help that idea along, the sort of belief that kept Ford working at his original engine in spite of ridicule and discouragement. The third is the courage to start—on anything or nothing but your belief in the idea.

GIVE WHAT YOU HAVE—whether it be money or ideas or just work—or all of them. Release your energy and let it expand and get to work. Only thus can you turn it into money. Only thus can you put life into your nucleus (your idea) and set it whirling to draw to you every means needed for its fulfilment.

Those means include money—money for your

living, money to further your idea, money for every right purpose. But YOU must start it flowing by releasing what you have, whether it be money, or ideas or any other form of energy.

You remember the old hand pumps that used to adorn most kitchens and are still to be seen in remote farm districts? To start them drawing water, you know, you had to pour some water into them. That is the way it is with money. Before you can draw it to you, you must start the flow. Before a snowball will start to grow, you have to supply the nucleus and give it a push down hill. Before the nucleus of an idea has any attractive power, it must be started whirling, and to start it whirling, you have to GIVE to it whatever you have of money and energy and above all—FAITH.

When the widow of Zarephath told Elijah she had only a handful of meal and a little oil, he bade her make from these a cake and give it to him—and after that, to make for herself and her son. She did so, and it is written that the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the oil fail.

When another widow came to Elisha to beg that he save her sons from bondage for debt, he asked her—"What hast thou in the house?" And when she answered—"Naught save a pot of oil," he bade her borrow vessels from the neighbors and pour the oil into them. In other words, start the flow. And so long as she had vessels to receive it, the oil kept flowing.

When the multitude lacked for bread, and the Apostles came to Jesus to ask what they should do, He said—"How many loaves have you?" And when they told Him five, and two fishes, "He blessed and broke the loaves and gave them to set before the multitude. And the two fishes divided He among them all. And they did eat and were filled. And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments." In each case, God required that they start the flow—that they give what they had in perfect faith. That giving created the vacuum. That faith opened the sluice gates. And His bountiful supply flowed in.

You have probably read the story of Charles Page. A few years ago, he had nothing, and his wife was so sick he feared he was going to lose her too. The surgeons at the hospital had given up hope for her, so he turned to God.

He prayed—but prayer did not seem to satisfy him. So he decided to do something. And the thought came to him that if he would give all he had of love and helpfulness and money to others, perhaps the Lord would do the same for him.

He tried it—and not only did his wife make what the surgeons regarded as a miraculous recovery, but Page's fortunes started to mend at once. Today he is a millionaire.

And his story is but one of hundreds of well-authenticated cases where men have drawn riches

and all good things into their lives by starting the flow.

If you wanted to draw electricity from the air, you wouldn't kneel down and pray God to work a miracle to give it to you. No. You know that the Laws of Electro-mechanics are already well known, so the first thing you would do is familiarize yourself with these, then set up your generator and get your wires and appliances ready to use the electricity when it came.

But wires and generator and power plant will never bring electricity to you without one thing—you *must start the flow!* You must give of what you have—your steam or water power—to make the wheels turn around and start the flow of electricity into your generator. It may require only a very little power to make the wheels turn, but without that power, all the electricity in the world, all the finest equipment, will do you no good.

By giving of your power, you can keep drawing the electrical current to you forever, for as long as you keep the wheels turning, the electricity will continue to flow into your generator.

It is as though a hole were suddenly punched in the bottom of the ocean. The water nearby would rush in, creating a vacuum which in turn would draw more and more water, until presently the whole ocean would be trying to flow through that one hole.

Supply is no different from electricity or water.

There is above and about you a whole ocean of supply. You cannot see it any more than you can see the electricity or the air, but give it a chance, and it will prove its presence just as surely.

How give it a chance?

First, set up your generator. And what is your generator? What is an ordinary generator? A channel for electricity through which it flows into the lives of thousands to serve them with light and heat and power. Your generator is no different. It is your mind, your body, your business. It is the channel through which good may flow to bring happiness and service to all with whom you come in contact.

But as in electricity, your generator is of no account without one thing: You must first give to get. You must sow before you can reap. You must turn on the power—start the wheels going around—before you can draw one spark of electricity or one penny of supply.

For Life is circulation—a continual flowing from the center outward. Man is a distributor of Life—and as he distributes, so does Life flow to him. You are a center of distribution. For Life to keep on flowing to you, you must find suitable outlets for it. Choke up the outlets, and the flow slows up correspondingly.

Supply is never limited. The limitations are all at your end. You put them there by choking up the outlets.

The secret of power is the knowledge that you are constantly drawing life from the inexhaustible stores of the Infinite. Not bottles of life, mind you, labelled for this or that particular need. But a continuous STREAM of Life, which you can turn to any right purpose.

So when you want money for any right purpose, see yourself as the Hand of God, *giving out Life*. See the Infinite stream of Life flowing through you, taking shape through your thoughts, working for greater livingness for all men. Think of yourself as the channel, of your desires as giving direction and quality to that Stream of Life. And remember that *you* don't need to worry as to the outcome—it is the *Life-energy* which actually does the work. It draws to you all the elements it needs for its manifestation. You need only to USE them as they come.

You don't need to bring anything into being—you merely need to give direction to the Infinite energy working through you. You are the generator through which it flows, bringing light and life to all who come in contact with you.

That is the one infallible test for your every desire, your every new venture. Will it operate for the expansion or the restriction of Life? If it will tend to greater livingness for man, then it is good. If not, forget it—or sooner or later it will come back against you.

The Stream of Life is continually flowing through

you. It is manifesting itself in your circumstances, in your body. You can't stop it. It is the one great reason for practicing control of your thought, for it comes out in the mold your innermost beliefs impress upon it—poverty and woe if you think poverty and woe—abundance and happiness if you truly BELIEVE YOU HAVE THESE.

The only thing which keeps you from having all the good things of life you can desire is your failure to EXPECT them. Your circumstances today mirror your expectations of yesterday. The conditions surrounding you tomorrow will be those you mold for yourself today.

So let us put the Life in us to work forming the ideal conditions we *want* instead of those we have been fearing. Let us *believe* in the Life-power within us—not deny it. Let us forget all adverse circumstances, all untoward conditions, and set this Life-power to forming an entirely new set of conditions. Let us remember that we are the Hands of God, His means of *expressing* life on the material plane. And as His instruments, let us know that all the power, all the wisdom, all the riches we need for any right purpose are in us and behind us, ready and waiting to do any good thing we require of them.

EXERCISE FOR LESSON III

TO BEGIN with, it is well to remember that in all our actions there is an essential factor, and an incidental factor. Whichever one we take as the essential, we thereby put the other in the position of an incidental factor.

So the first thing to ask ourselves when we seek abundance is—"On what am I going to depend for this supply I am seeking? Shall I put my dependence upon my job, or my business, or some charitable friend or philanthropist—*or shall I put it upon* the Life-power working through me?

It is entirely proper to hope that your supply will come from your work or your friends, but if you are going to put your sole dependence upon them, if you are going to make them the essential factor, and your efforts through mind incidental, you might as well stop right now. You will be back with the crowd, subject to the same old Law of Averages. But if you are willing to put your dependence upon the Life in you, regarding any other factor as a merely incidental channel, then come along!

You want money. You want it for some right undertaking. You have looked to the usual sources and they have failed you. So you have decided to forget outside sources, and *look within* for your supply. You have decided to depend—NOT on your physical body only, NOT on your physical brain alone, but on your REAL self—that vast power of the Spirit which knows no limitation. For this is the great secret—you are the Hand of God, and all His infinite power is ever at your disposal for any right purpose.

But how are you to individualize this infinite power? How are you to bring it to bear upon your personal need?

1st—By confident affirmation. Put yourself in the proper frame of mind by reminding yourself that Life is everywhere and in everything—in your home, in your business, in the very air you breathe. And Life is able to draw to itself every element it needs for its expression. Therefore you already HAVE in the invisible world, the means of bringing you anything you need. So stop thinking limitation, and *think abundance!* Look upon yourself as a channel for God's abundant supply to all who come in contact with you. Know that Life is working through you to express itself in good for all.

Think of yourself as a radio. God is broadcasting Life. And Life is power and understanding and supply. The particular service you have to offer is your means of making that supply mani-

fest to your fellow man. Why can't they get it themselves? For the same reason that music may be in the air all about you, but it requires a radio to make it audible to you. Infinite Life is in the air all about *you*, and all about every man, but it requires some means to make itself manifest. You are one of those means.

True, there are times when you seem to manifest only discord and lack. They are the "static" caused by worry or fear. The music of life goes on just the same. Keep trying, and you will tune in and become a perfect channel for it.

The creative order, you know, is from states to conditions. You cannot materialize money when you are thinking of lack. You must first change your state of mind—you must **FEEL** rich—you must **RADIATE** prosperity before prosperity will be drawn to you. So regardless of your present circumstances, let your thoughts be of abundance. Make your engine—your idea for giving service to your fellow-man. Then **START IT RUNNING**—no matter on how small a scale. Make your engine—put your Life-energy into it—then *release it by setting it to work!* **THINK** abundance, **LIVE** abundance, and **ACT AS A MEANS OF EXPRESSION FOR ABUNDANCE.**

The ancient Egyptians used to believe that to grasp the idea of anything gave you power over that thing, because the idea of it was to them the soul of it. The idea of money is pent-up energy.

It represents just so much manifested effort, either physical or mental. But energy can expand only when it is released. *So start the expansion by releasing what you have!*

God has put into you seeds of Life in which there is more of energy than is represented by all of Rockefeller's millions. All you need to accomplish as much as he has, is to realize that you HAVE that life-energy, that boundless wealth, and then proceed to RELEASE it by putting it to work!

2nd—Create the spiritual prototype—the nucleus which is to draw all riches to you. See your idea of service to your fellowman, as your means of expressing Life. Know that God is working through you. You are His steward, His channel for individualizing the infinite good, the boundless life working through you.

3rd—BELIEVE THAT YOU RECEIVE! SEE that Life in you DOING all those things you want it to do. SEE the abundant rewards of worthy service pouring in. FEEL so sure of them that you can serenely GIVE OF WHAT YOU HAVE to start things moving, secure in the knowledge that having Life, you HAVE every essential of success.

Start the flow! No matter how little you have in hand, show your faith by GIVING of it to start things. Remember that the Law of Life is—*Divide and multiply!* When you start the engine of your automobile, you know that there is only a

little gasoline in the vacuum tank alongside the engine. But you do not hesitate on that account. You start your engine, knowing that when you release the energy in your gas by vaporizing it, you are by that very process DRAWING UPON THE ENTIRE AVAILABLE SUPPLY—not merely in the vacuum tank, but in the big supply tank at the back of your car! As fast as the engine draws gas from the vacuum tank, just so fast does it flow in from the reserve tank at the rear. The vacuum tank is always kept full.

But the moment the engine stops USING the gas, the flow ceases. It cannot accumulate any. To get more, it must *use* what it has.

We are like that engine, our present supply like the small amount in the vacuum tank, with the infinite supply of God as our unlimited reserve tank. To draw on that reserve, we must release the energy in what we have by putting it to useful work. As we release it, more flows abundantly to us.

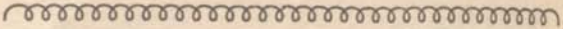
“Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.”—Luke 6:38.

So bless the Life in you, and let it expand by releasing it and putting it to work. Bless your work in some such wise as this:

"I bless the Life in (whatever your means of putting it to work may be). I baptize it God's own Life seeking expression, increasing and multiplying and bringing forth fruit a hundredfold according to its kind—fruit of service and understanding and happiness, and drawing to itself every element it needs for its perfect expression.

"And I thank God that all of Life is working with the Life in me for the accomplishment of this good purpose."

Then remember that God's Life has infinite power. It doesn't matter how weak or unknown or poverty-stricken YOU may be. It is not *you* that is doing the work—it is God's Life working *through* you. And whatever it undertakes, it can and will finish if you do not stop it with your doubts and fears. It is like a power line with unlimited electricity TRYING to get through to expand and work, but limited by the capacity of the tool to which it is connected. YOU are the tool. You can choke it with doubts and fears until it will scarcely move a toy engine. Or you can run a transcontinental system with it. Which are YOU doing?



*The Magic Story**

FREDERIC VAN RENSSELAER DEY

I WAS sitting alone in the *café*, and had just reached for the sugar preparatory to putting it into my coffee. Outside, the weather was hideous. Snow and sleet came swirling down, and the wind howled frightfully. Every time the outer door opened, a draft of unwelcome air penetrated the uttermost corners of the room. Still, I was comfortable. The snow and sleet and wind conveyed nothing to me except an abstract thanksgiving that I was where it could not affect me. While I dreamed and sipped my coffee, the door opened and closed, and admitted—Sturtevant.

Sturtevant was an undeniable failure, but, withal, an artist of more than ordinary talent. He had, however, fallen into the rut traveled by ne'er-dowells, and was out at the elbows as well as insolvent.

As I raised my eyes to Sturtevant's I was con-

* Copyright 1928—Haryot Holt Dey.

scious of mild surprise at the change in his appearance. Yet he was not dressed differently. He wore the same threadbare coat in which he always appeared, and the old brown hat was the same. And yet there was something new and strange in his appearance. As he swished his hat around to relieve it of the burden of snow deposited by the howling nor'wester, there was something new in the gesticulation. I could not remember when I had invited Sturtevant to dine with me, but involuntarily I beckoned to him. He nodded, and presently seated himself opposite to me. I asked him what he would have, and he, after scanning the bill of fare, carelessly, ordered from it leisurely, and invited me to join him in coffee for two. I watched him in stupid wonder, but, as I had invited the obligation, I was prepared to pay for it, although I knew I hadn't sufficient cash to settle the bill. Meanwhile I noted the brightness of his usual lack-luster eyes, and the healthful, hopeful glow upon his cheek, with increasing amazement.

"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked.

"No," he replied, calmly, "but I have found my mascot."

"Brindle bull, or terrier?" I inquired.

"Currier," said Sturtevant, at length, pausing with his coffee cup half way to his lips, "I see that I have surprised you. It is not strange, for I am a surprise to myself. I am a new man, a different man,—and the alteration has taken place in the

last few hours. You have seen me come into this place 'broke' many a time, when you have turned away, so that I would think you did not see me. I knew why you did that. It was not because you did not want to pay for a dinner, but because you did not have the money to do it. Is that your check? Let me have it. Thank you. I haven't any money with me tonight, but I,—well, this is my treat."

He called the waiter to him, and, with an inimitable flourish, signed his name on the backs of the two checks, and waved him away. After that he was silent a moment while he looked into my eyes, smiling at the astonishment which I in vain strove to conceal.

"Do you know an artist who possesses more talent than I?" he asked, presently. "No. Do you happen to know anything in the line of my profession that I could not accomplish, if I applied myself to it? No. You have been a reporter on the dailies for—how many?—seven or eight years. Do you remember when I ever had any credit until to-night? No. Was I refused just now? You have seen for yourself. To-morrow my new career begins. Within a month I shall have a bank account. Why? Because I have discovered the secret of success.

"Yes," he continued, when I did not reply, "my fortune is made. I have been reading a strange story, and, since reading it, I feel that my fortune

is assured. It will make your fortune, too. All you have to do is to read it. You have no idea what it will do for you. Nothing is impossible after you know that story. It makes everything as plain as A, B, C. The very instant you grasp its true meaning, success is certain. This morning I was a hopeless, aimless bit of garbage in the metropolitan ash can; to-night I wouldn't change places with a millionaire. That sounds foolish, but it is true. The millionaire has spent his enthusiasm; mine is all at hand."

"You amaze me," I said, wondering if he had been drinking absinthe. "Won't you tell me the story? I should like to hear it."

"Certainly. I mean to tell it to the whole world. It is really remarkable that it should have been written and should remain in print so long, with never a soul to appreciate it until now. This morning I was starving. I hadn't any credit, nor a place to get a meal. I was seriously meditating suicide. I had gone to three of the papers for which I had done work, and had been handed back all that I had submitted. I had to choose quickly between death by suicide and death slowly by starvation. Then I found the story and read it. You can hardly imagine the transformation. Why, my dear boy, everything changed at once,—and there you are."

"But what is the story, Sturtevant?"

"Wait; let me finish. I took those same old

drawings to other editors, and every one of them was accepted at once."

"Can the story do for others what it has done for you? For example, would it be of assistance to me?" I asked.

"Help you? Why not? Listen and I will tell you, although, really, you should read it. Still, I will tell it as best I can. It is like this: you see,——"

The waiter interrupted us at that moment. He informed Sturtevant that he was wanted at the telephone, and, with a word of apology, the artist left the table. Five minutes later I saw him rush out into the sleet and wind and disappear. Within the recollection of the frequenters of that *café*, Sturtevant had never before been called out by telephone. That, of itself, was substantial proof of a change in his circumstances.

One night, on the street, I encountered Avery, a former college chum, then a reporter on one of the evening papers. It was about a month after my memorable interview with Sturtevant, which, by that time, was almost forgotten.

"Hello, old chap," he said; "how's the world using you? Still on space?"

"Yes," I replied, bitterly, "with prospects of being on the town, shortly. But you look as if things were coming your way. Tell me all about it."

"Things have been coming my way, for a fact, and it is all remarkable, when all is said. You know

Sturtevant, don't you? It's all due to him. I was plumb down on my luck,—thinking of the morgue and all that,—looking for you, in fact, with the idea that you would lend me enough to pay my room rent, when I met Sturtevant. He told me a story, and really, old man, it is the most remarkable story you ever heard; it made a new man of me. Within twenty-four hours I was on my feet, and I've hardly known a care or a trouble since."

Avery's statement, uttered calmly, and with the air of one who had merely pronounced an axiom, recalled to my mind the conversation with Sturtevant in the *café* that stormy night, nearly a month before.

"It must be a remarkable story," I said, incredulously. "Sturtevant mentioned it to me once. I have not seen him since. Where is he now?"

"He has been making war sketches in Cuba, at two hundred a week; he's just returned. It is a fact that everybody that has heard that story has done well since. There are Cosgrove and Phillips,—friends of mine,—you don't know them. One's a real estate agent; the other a broker's clerk. Sturtevant told them the story, and they have experienced the same results that I have; and they are not the only ones, either."

"Do you know the story?" I asked. "Will you try its effect on me?"

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure in the

world. I would like to have it printed in big black type, and posted on the elevated stations throughout New York. It certainly would do a lot of good, and it's as simple as A, B, C; like living on a farm. Excuse me a minute, will you? I see Danforth over there. Back in a minute, old chap."

He nodded and smiled,—and was gone. I saw him join the man whom he had designated as Danforth. My attention was distracted for a moment, and, when I looked again, both had disappeared.

If the truth be told, I was hungry. My pocket at that moment contained exactly five cents; just enough to pay my fare up-town, but insufficient also to stand the expense of filling my stomach. There was a "night owl" wagon in the neighborhood, where I had frequently "stood up" the purveyor of midnight dainties, and to him I applied. He was leaving the wagon as I was on the point of entering it, and I accosted him.

"I'm broke again," I said, with extreme cordiality. "You'll have to trust me once more. Some ham and eggs, I think will do for the present."

He coughed, hesitated a moment, and then re-entered the wagon with me.

"Mr. Currier is good for anything he orders," he said to the man in charge; "one of my old customers. This is Mr. Bryan, Mr. Currier. He will take care of you, and 'stand for' you, just the same as I would. The fact is, I have sold out. I've

just turned over the outfit to Bryan. By the way, isn't Mr. Sturtevant a friend of yours?"

I nodded. I couldn't have spoken if I had tried.

"Well," continued the ex-"night owl" man, "he came here one night, about a month ago, and told me the most wonderful story I ever heard. I've just bought a place in Eighth Avenue, where I am going to run a regular restaurant—near Twenty-third Street. Come and see me."

He was out of the wagon, and the sliding door had been banged shut before I could stop him; so I ate my ham and eggs in silence, and resolved that I would hear that story before I slept. In fact, I began to regard it with superstition. If it had made so many fortunes, surely it should be capable of making mine.

The certainty that the wonderful story—I began to regard it as magic,—was in the air, possessed me. As I started to walk homeward, fingering the solitary nickel in my pocket and contemplating the certainty of riding down town in the morning, I experienced the sensation of something stealthily pursuing me, as if Fate were treading along behind me, yet never overtaking, and I was conscious that I was possessed with or by the story. When I reached Union Square, I examined my address book for the home of Sturtevant. It was not recorded there. Then I remembered the *café* in University Place, and, although the hour was late, it occurred to me that he might be there.

He was! In a far corner of the room, surrounded by a group of acquaintances, I saw him. He discovered me at the same instant, and motioned to me to join them at the table. There was no chance for the story, however. There were half a dozen around the table, and I was the farthest removed from Sturtevant. But I kept my eyes upon him, and bided my time, determined that, when he rose to depart, I would go with him. A silence, suggestive of respectful awe, had fallen upon the party when I took my seat. Every one seemed to be thinking, and the attention of all was fixed upon Sturtevant. The cause was apparent. He had been telling the story. I had entered the *café* just too late to hear it. On my right, when I took my seat, was a doctor; on my left a lawyer. Facing me on the other side was a novelist with whom I had some acquaintance. The others were artists and newspaper men.

"It's too bad, Mr. Currier," remarked the doctor; "you should have come a little sooner. Sturtevant has been telling us a story; it is quite wonderful, really. I say, Sturtevant, won't you tell that story again, for the benefit of Mr. Currier?"

"Why, yes. I believe that Currier has, somehow, failed to hear the magic story, although, as a matter of fact, I think he was the first one to whom I mentioned it at all. It was here, in this *café*, too,—at this very table. Do you remember what a wild night that was, Currier? Wasn't I

called to the telephone, or something like that? To be sure! I remember, now; interrupted just at the point when I was beginning the story. After that, I told it to three or four fellows, and it 'braced them up,' as it had me. It seems incredible that a mere story can have such a tonic effect upon the success of so many persons who are engaged in such widely different occupations, but that is what it has done. It is a kind of never-failing remedy, like a cough mixture that is warranted to cure everything, from a cold in the head to galloping consumption. There was Parsons, for example. He is a broker, you know, and had been on the wrong side of the market for a month. He had utterly lost his grip, and was on the verge of failure. I happened to meet him at the time he was feeling the bluest, and, before we parted, something brought me around to the subject of the story, and I related it to him. It had the same effect upon him that it had on me, and has had upon everybody who has heard it, as far as I know. I think you will all agree with me, that it is not the story itself that performs the surgical operation on the minds of those who are familiar with it; it is the way it is told,—in print, I mean. The author has, somehow, produced a psychological effect which is indescribable. The reader is hypnotized. He receives a mental and moral tonic. Perhaps, doctor, you can give some scientific explanation of the influence exerted by the story. It

is a sort of elixir manufactured out of words, eh?"

From that the company entered upon a general discussion of theories. Now and then slight references were made to the story itself, and they were just sufficient to tantalize me,—the only one present who had not heard it.

At length, I left my chair, and, passing around the table, seized Sturtevant by one arm, and succeeded in drawing him away from the party.

"If you have any consideration for an old friend who is rapidly being driven mad by the existence of that confounded story, which Fate seems determined that I shall never hear, you will relate it to me now," I said, savagely.

Sturtevant stared at me in mild surprise.

"All right," he said. "The others will excuse me for a few moments, I think. Sit down here, and you shall have it. I found it pasted in an old scrapbook I purchased in Ann Street, for three cents; and there isn't a thing about it by which one can get any idea in what publication it originally appeared, or who wrote it. When I discovered it, I began casually to read it, and in a moment I was interested. Before I left it, I had read it through many times, so that I could repeat it almost word for word. It affected me strangely,—as if I had come in contact with some strong personality. There seems to be in the story a personal element that applies to every one who reads it. Well, after I had read it several times, I began to think it over.

I couldn't stay in the house, so I seized my coat and hat and went out. I must have walked several miles, buoyantly, without realizing that I was the same man who, only a short time before, had been in the depths of despondency. That was the day I met you here,—you remember."

We were interrupted at that instant by a uniformed messenger, who handed Sturtevant a telegram. It was from his chief, and demanded his instant attendance at the office. The messenger had already been delayed an hour, and there was no help for it; he must go at once.

"Too bad!" said Sturtevant, rising and extending his hand. "Tell you what I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be gone any more than an hour or two. You take my key and wait for me in my room. In the *escritoire* near the window you will find an old scrapbook, bound in rawhide. It was manufactured, I have no doubt, by the author of the magic story. Wait for me in my room until I return."

With that he went out, and I lost no time in taking advantage of the permission he had given me.

I found the book without difficulty. It was a quaint, home-made affair, covered, as Sturtevant had said, with rawhide, and bound with leather thongs. The pages formed an odd combination of yellow paper, vellum and home-made parchment. I found the story, curiously printed on the last-named material. It was quaint and strange. Evi-

dently, the printer had "set" it under the supervision of the writer. The phraseology was an unusual combination of seventeenth and eighteenth century mannerisms, and the interpolation of Italics and capitals could have originated in no other brain than that of its author.

In reproducing the following story, the peculiarities of type, spelling, etc., are eliminated, but in other respects it remains unchanged.

PART TWO

The Story

*I*NASMUCH as I have evolved from my experience the one great secret of success for all worldly undertakings, I deem it wise, now that the number of my days is nearly counted, to give to the generations that are to follow me the benefit of whatsoever knowledge I possess. I do not apologize for the manner of my expression, nor for lack of literary merit, the latter being, I wot, its own apology. Tools much heavier than the pen have been my portion, and, moreover, the weight of years has somewhat palsied hand and brain; nevertheless, the fact I can tell, and that I deem the meat within the nut. What mattereth it, in what manner the shell be broken, so that the meat be obtained and rendered useful? I doubt not that I shall use, in the telling, expressions that have clung to my memory since childhood; for, when men attain the number of my years, happenings of youth are like to be clearer to their perceptions than are events

of recent date; nor doth it matter much how a thought is expressed, if it be wholesome and helpful, and findeth the understanding.

Much have I wearied my brain anent the question, how best to describe this recipe for success that I have discovered, and it seemeth advisable to give it as it came to me; that is, if I relate somewhat of the story of my life, the directions for agglomerating the substances, and supplying the seasoning for the accomplishment of the dish, will plainly be perceived. Happen they may; and that men may be born generations after I am dust, who will live to bless me for the words I write.

My father, then, was a seafaring man who, early in life, forsook his vocation, and settled on a plantation in the colony of Virginia, where, some years thereafter, I was born, which event took place in the year 1642; and that was over a hundred years ago. Better for my father had it been, had he hearkened to the wise advice of my mother, that he remain in the calling of his education; but he would not have it so, and the good vessel he captained was bartered for the land I spoke of. Here beginneth the first lesson to be acquired:—

Man should not be blinded to whatsoever merit exists in the opportunity which he hath in hand, remembering that a thousand promises for the future should weigh as naught against the possession of a single piece of silver.

When I had achieved ten years, my mother's soul took flight, and two years thereafter my worthy father followed her. I, being their only begotten, was left alone; howbeit, there were friends who, for a time, cared for me; that is to say, they offered me a home beneath their roof,—a thing which I took advantage of for the space of five months. From my father's estate there came to me naught; but, in the wisdom that came with increasing years, I convinced myself that his friend, under whose roof I lingered for some time, had defrauded him, and therefore me.

Of the time from the age of twelve and a half until I was three and twenty, I will make no recital here, since that time hath naught to do with this tale; but some time after, having in my possession the sum of sixteen guineas, ten, which I had saved from the fruits of my labor, I took ship to Boston town, where I began work first as a cooper, and thereafter as a ship's carpenter, although always after the craft was docked; for the sea was not amongst my desires.

Fortune will sometimes smile upon an intended victim because of pure perversity of temper. Such was one of my experiences. I prospered, and, at seven and twenty, owned the yard wherein, less than four years earlier, I had worked for hire. Fortune, howbeit, is a jade who must be coerced; she will not be coddled. Here beginneth the second lesson to be acquired:

Fortune is ever elusive, and can only be retained by force. Deal with her tenderly and she will forsake you for a stronger man. [In that, methinks, she is not unlike other women of my knowledge.]

About this time, Disaster (which is one of the heralds of broken spirits and lost resolve), paid me a visit. Fire ravaged my yards, leaving nothing in its blackened paths but debts, which I had not the coin wherewith to defray. I labored with my acquaintances, seeking assistance for a new start, but the fire that had burned my competence, seemed also to have consumed their sympathies. So it happened, within a short time, that not only had I lost all, but I was hopelessly indebted to others; and for that they cast me into prison. It is possible that I might have rallied from my losses but for this last indignity, which broke down my spirits so that I became utterly despondent. Upward of a year was I detained within the gaol; and, when I did come forth, it was not the same hopeful, happy man, content with his lot, and with confidence in the world and its people, who had entered there.

Life has many pathways, and of them by far the greater number lead downward. Some are precipitous, others are less abrupt; but ultimately, no matter at what inclination the angle may be fixed, they arrive at the same destination,—failure. And here beginneth the third lesson:

Failure exists only in the grave. Man, being

alive, hath not yet failed; always he may turn about and ascend by the same path he descended by; and there may be one that is less abrupt (albeit longer of achievement), and more adaptable to his condition.

When I came forth from prison, I was penniless. In all the world I possessed naught beyond the poor garments which covered me, and a walking stick which the turnkey had permitted me to retain, since it was worthless. Being a skilled workman, howbeit, I speedily found employment at good wages; but, having eaten of the fruit of worldly advantage, dissatisfaction possessed me. I became morose and sullen; whereat, to cheer my spirits, and for the sake of forgetting the losses I had sustained, I passed my evenings at the tavern. Not that I drank overmuch of liquor, except on occasion (for I have ever been somewhat abstemious), but that I could laugh, and sing, and parry wit and *badinage* with my ne'er-do-well companions; and here might be included the fourth lesson:

Seek comrades among the industrious, for those who are idle will sap your energies from you.

It was my pleasure at that time to relate, upon slight provocation, the tale of my disasters, and to rail against the men whom I deemed to have wronged me, because they had seen fit not to come to my aid. Moreover, I found childish delight in filching from my employer, each day, a few mo-

ments of the time for which he paid me. Such a thing is less honest than downright theft.

This habit continued and grew upon me until the day dawned which found me not only without employment, but also without character, which meant that I could not hope to find work with any other employer in Boston town.

It was then that I regarded myself a failure. I can liken my condition at that time for naught more similar than that of a man who, descending the steep side of a mountain, loses his foothold. The farther he slides, the faster he goes. I have heard this condition described by the word Ishmaelite, which I understand to be a man whose hand is against everybody, and who thinks that the hands of every other man are against him; and here beginneth the fifth lesson:

The Ishmaelite and the leper are the same, since both are abominations in the sight of man,—albeit they differ much, in that the former may be restored to perfect health. The former is entirely the result of imagination; the latter has poison in his blood.

I will not discourse at length upon the gradual degeneration of my energies. It is not meet ever to dwell much upon misfortunes (which saying is also worthy of remembrance). It is enough if I add that the day came when I possessed naught wherewith to purchase food and raiment, and I found myself like unto a pauper, save at infre-

quent times when I could earn a few pence, or, mayhap, a shilling. Steady employment I could not secure, so I became emaciated in body, and naught but a skeleton in spirit.

My condition, then, was deplorable; not so much for the body, be it said, as for the mental part of me, which was sick unto death. In my imagination I deemed myself ostracised by the whole world, for I had sunk very low indeed; and here beginneth the sixth and final lesson to be acquired, (which cannot be told in one sentence, nor in one paragraph, but must needs be adapted from the remainder of this tale).

Well do I remember my awakening, for it came in the night, when, in truth, I did awake from sleep. My bed was a pile of shavings in the rear of the cooper shop where once I had worked for hire; my roof was the pyramid of casks, underneath which I had established myself. The night was cold, and I was chilled, albeit, paradoxically, I had been dreaming of light and warmth and of the repletion of good things. You will say, when I relate the effect the vision had on me, that my mind was affected. So be it, for it is the hope that the minds of others might be likewise influenced which disposes me to undertake the labor of this writing. It was the dream which converted me to the belief—nay, to the knowledge,—that I was possessed of two identities! and it was my own better self that afforded me the assistance for which I had pleaded

in vain from my acquaintances. I have heard this condition described by the word "double." Nevertheless, that word does not comprehend my meaning. A double can be naught more than a double, neither half being possessed of individuality. But I will not philosophize, since philosophy is naught but a suit of garments for the decoration of a dummy figure.

Moreover, it was not the dream itself which affected me; it was the impression made by it, and the influence that it exerted over me, which accomplished my enfranchisement. In a word, then, I encouraged my other identity. After toiling through a tempest of snow and wind, I peered into a window and saw that other being. He was rosy with health; before him, on the hearth, blazed a fire of logs; there was conscious power and force in his demeanor; he was physically and mentally muscular. I rapped timidly upon the door, and he bade me enter. There was a not unkindly smile of derision in his eyes as he motioned me to a chair by the fire; but he uttered no word of welcome; and, when I had warmed myself, I went forth again into the tempest, burdened with the shame which the contrast between us had forced upon me. It was then that I awoke; and here cometh the strange part of my tale, for, when I did awake, I was not alone. There was a Presence with me; intangible to others, I discovered later, but real to me.

The Presence was in my likeness, yet was it strikingly unlike. The brow, not more lofty than my own, yet seemed more round and full; the eyes, clear, direct, and filled with purpose, glowed with enthusiasm and resolution; the lips, chin,—ay, the whole contour of face and figure was dominant and determined.

He was calm, steadfast, and self-reliant; I was cowering, filled with nervous trembling, and fearsome of intangible shadows. When the Presence turned away, I followed, and throughout the day I never lost sight of it, save when it disappeared for a time beyond some doorway where I dared not enter; at such places, I awaited its return with trepidation and awe, for I could not help wondering at the temerity of the Presence (so like myself, and yet so unlike), in daring to enter where my own feet feared to tread.

It seemed also as if purposely, I was led to the places and to the men where, and before whom I most dreaded to appear; to offices where once I had transacted business; to men with whom I had financial dealings. Throughout the day I pursued the Presence, and at evening saw it disappear beyond the portals of a hostelry famous for its cheer and good living. I sought the pyramid of casks and shavings.

Not again in my dreams that night did I encounter the Better Self (for that is what I have named it), albeit, when, perchance, I awakened

from slumber, it was near to me, ever wearing that calm smile of kindly derision which could not be mistaken for pity, nor for condolence in any form. The contempt of it stung me sorely.

The second day was not unlike the first, being a repetition of its forerunner, and I was again doomed to wait outside during the visits which the Presence paid to places where I fain would have gone had I possessed the requisite courage. It is fear which deporteth a man's soul from his body and rendereth it a thing to be despised. Many a time I essayed to address it but enunciation rattled in my throat, unintelligible; and the day closed like its predecessor.

This happened many days, one following another, until I ceased to count them; albeit, I discovered that constant association with the Presence was producing an effect upon me; and one night, when I awoke among the casks and discerned that he was present, I made bold to speak, albeit with marked timidity.

"Who are you?" I ventured to ask; and I was startled into an upright posture by the sound of my own voice; and the question seemed to give pleasure to my companion, so that I fancied there was less of derision in his smile when he responded.

"I am that I am," was the reply. "I am he who you have been; I am he who you may be again; wherefore do you hesitate? I am he who you were, and whom you have cast out for other

company. I am the man made in the image of God, who once possessed your body. Once we dwelt within it together, not in harmony, for that can never be, nor yet in unity, for that is impossible, but as tenants in common who rarely fought for full possession. Then, you were a puny thing, but you became selfish and exacting until I could no longer abide with you, wherefore I stepped out. There is a plus-entity and a minus-entity in every human body that is born into the world. Whichever one of these is favored by the flesh becomes dominant; then is the other inclined to abandon its habitation, temporarily or for all time. I am the plus-entity of yourself; you are the minus-entity. I own all things; you possess naught. That body which we both inhabited is mine, but it is unclean, and I will not dwell within it. Cleanse it, and I will take possession."

"Why do you pursue me?" I next asked of the Presence.

"You have pursued me, not I you. You can exist without me for a time, but your path leads downward, and the end is death. Now that you approach the end, you debate if it be not politic that you should cleanse your house and invite me to enter. Step aside, then, from the brain and the will; cleanse them of your presence; only on that condition will I ever occupy them again."

"The brain hath lost its power," I faltered.

"The will is a weak thing, now; can you repair them?"

"Listen!" said the Presence, and he towered over me while I cowered abjectly at his feet. "To the plus-entity of a man, all things are possible. The world belongs to him,—is his estate. He fears naught, dreads naught, stops at naught; he asks no privileges, but demands them; he *dominates*, and cannot cringe; his requests are orders; opposition flees at his approach; he levels mountains, fills in vales, and travels on an even plane where stumbling is unknown."

Thereafter, I slept again, and, when I awoke, I seemed to be in a different world. The sun was shining and I was conscious that birds twittered above my head. My body, yesterday trembling and uncertain, had become vigorous and filled with energy. I gazed upon the pyramid of casks in amazement that I had so long made use of it for an abiding place, and I was wonderingly conscious that I had passed my last night beneath its shelter.

The events of the night recurred to me, and I looked about me for the Presence. It was not visible, but anon I discovered, cowering in a far corner of my resting place, a puny, abject, shuddering figure, distorted of visage, deformed of shape, disheveled and unkempt of appearance. It tottered as it walked, for it approached me piteously; but I laughed aloud, mercilessly. Perchance I knew

then that it was the minus-entity, and that the plus-entity was within me; albeit I did not then realize it. Moreover, I was in haste to get away; I had no time for philosophy. There was much for me to do,—much; strange it was that I had not thought of that yesterday. But yesterday was gone,—today was with me,—it had just begun.

As had once been my daily habit, I turned my steps in the direction of the tavern, where formerly I had partaken of my meals. I nodded cheerily as I entered, and smiled in recognition of returned salutations. Men who had ignored me for months bowed graciously when I passed them on the thoroughfare. I went to the washroom, and from there to the breakfast table; afterwards when I passed the taproom, I paused a moment and said to the landlord:

“I will occupy the same room that I formerly used, if, perchance, you have it at disposal. If not, another will do as well, until I can obtain it.”

Then I went out and hurried with all haste to the cooperage. There was a huge wain in the yard, and men were loading it with casks for shipment. I asked no questions, but, seizing barrels, began hurling them to the men who worked atop of the load. When this was finished, I entered the shop. There was a vacant bench; I recognized its disuse by the litter on its top. It was the same at which I had once worked. Stripping off my coat,

I soon cleared it of *impedimenta*. In a moment more I was seated, with my foot on the vice-lever, shaving staves.

It was an hour later when the master workman entered the room, and he paused in surprise at sight of me; already there was a goodly pile of neatly shaven staves beside me, for in those days I was an excellent workman; there was none better, but, alas! now, age hath deprived me of my skill. I replied to his unasked question with the brief, but comprehensive sentence: "I have returned to work, sir." He nodded his head and passed on, viewing the work of other men, albeit anon he glanced askance in my direction.

Here endeth the sixth and last lesson to be acquired, although there is more to be said, since from that moment I was a successful man, and ere long possessed another shipyard, and had acquired a full competence of worldly goods.

I pray you who read, heed well the following admonitions, since upon them depend the word "success" and all that it implies:

Whatsoever you desire of good is yours. You have but to stretch forth your hand and take it.

Learn that the consciousness of dominant power within you is the possession of all things attainable.

Have no fear of any sort or shape, for fear is an adjunct of the minus-entity.

If you have skill, apply it; the world must profit by it, and, therefore, you.

Make a daily and nightly companion of your plus-entity; if you heed its advice, you cannot go wrong.

Remember, philosophy is an argument; the world, which is your property, is an accumulation of facts.

Go, therefore, and do that which is within you to do; take no heed of gestures which would beckon you aside; *ask of no man permission to perform.*

The minus-entity requests favors; the plus-entity grants them. Fortune waits upon every footstep you take; seize her, bind her, hold her, for she is yours; she belongs to you.

Start out now, with these admonitions in your mind. Stretch out your hand, and grasp the plus, which, maybe, you have never made use of, save in grave emergencies. Life is an emergency most grave.

Your plus-entity is beside you now; cleanse your brain, and strengthen your will. It will take possession. It waits upon you.

Start to-night; start now upon this new journey.

Be always on your guard. Whichever entity controls you, the other hovers at your side; beware lest the evil enter, even for a moment.

My task is done. I have written the recipe for

"success." If followed, it cannot fail. Wherein I may not be entirely comprehended, the plus-ent-ity of whosoever reads will supply the deficiency; and upon that Better Self of mine, I place the burden of imparting to generations that are to come, the secret of this all-pervading good,—*the secret of being what you have it within you to be.*

[THE END]



Precedent

ROBERT COLLIER

*A*MONG the Sioux Indians on the western prairies in the early part of the 19th century, was a little band called Yanktons.

This band consisted of very brave young fellows who vowed to follow their leader under any and all circumstances, never deviating by a hair's breadth from the path he set for them.

One day a number of them started across the Missouri River on the ice. Coming to a place where the ice was thin, and disdaining to go around it, the leader broke through and was lost. The others were some steps behind and could easily have avoided the hole. But no—their vow said they must follow their leader. So follow him they did! Had not other members of the tribe intervened, not one of the band would have been left alive!

Precedent—carried to the nth degree. And yet we see precedent like it in business every day.

I know one big business house which was founded half a century ago upon a fundamentally sound idea. The methods used to sell this idea were modern then—and successful.

The founder died, and understanding of the basic idea back of his success died with him. Methods were all his successor could see, and because the founder's methods had been successful, the next man would allow no changes in them, though the founder would have been the first to scrap them to keep up with modern conditions.

The business languished, was reorganized, but still kept to its out-worn methods. Today it struggles along, hopelessly in the rut—the victim of precedent.

In his biography of P. T. Barnum, Werner tells of Barnum's early experiences as clerk in a grocery store. Putting sand in the sugar and chicory in the coffee, selling margarine for pure butter and storage eggs for fresh, were considered minor peccadilloes in those days. The motto of trade was—"Let the buyer beware!" And each merchant tried to beat the other to the customer's pocket-book.

There are still a few trying to do business in that way, but their number is every year getting fewer.

And yet that the grocery business is still in the grip of precedent was proven by Henry Ford a cou-

ple of years ago, when he opened his commissary to the general public.

By thoroughly systematizing every motion, by buying in great quantities and cutting out every unnecessary handling, he was able to sell, according to the newspaper accounts, from 30 % to 40 % cheaper even than chain stores—and still make a couple of million dollars' profit!

Surely that points the way of service and of profit to someone in the grocery business. To be sure, Henry Ford has unlimited money and can get rock-bottom prices. But so can many of the chain stores. It was not money that enabled him to so greatly undersell them—it was discarding all the usual methods and applying the principles of efficiency he had learned in the manufacture of automobiles, to the grocery business.

Modern business is competition—not of money, not of equipment—but of ideas. Methods are mere means to an end—machines, to be used and cast aside when worn out, just as any other machines are. You wouldn't continue the use of an old-time typewriter merely because the founder of your business used it. No more should you continue the use of his old-time methods when better ones present themselves.

His fundamental business ideas—*yes!* They may run through a business for generation after generation, for the basic ideas of service and value need never change. But your method of giving that

service and value may vary with every passing year.

When precedent lays its icy hand upon you, when usage says—You must do things this way, it is the way men have been doing them for years—go out on the ice, head straight for the hole, drop precedent and usage into it—then find a safe way, a better way, a new way around, and *go that way yourself.*

§

The Young King

OSCAR WILDE

*I*T WAS the night before the day fixed for his coronation, and the young King was sitting alone in his beautiful chamber.

The lad—for he was only a lad, being but sixteen years of age—had flung himself back on the soft cushions of his embroidered couch. He had been, when but a week old, stolen away from his mother's side, as she slept, and given into the charge of a common peasant and his wife, who were without children of their own, and lived in a remote part of the forest, more than a day's ride from the town.

Such, at least, was the story that men whispered to each other. Certain it was that the old King, when on his deathbed, desiring that the kingdom should not pass away from his line, had had the lad sent for, and, in the presence of the Council, had acknowledged him as his heir.

And it seems that from the very first moment

of his recognition he had shown signs of that strange passion for beauty that was destined to have so great an influence over his life. Those who accompanied him to the suite of rooms set apart for his service, often spoke of the cry of pleasure that broke from his lips when he saw the delicate raiment and rich jewels that had been prepared for him, and of the almost fierce joy with which he flung aside his rough leathern tunic and coarse sheepskin cloak. He missed, indeed, at times the fine freedom of his forest life, and was always apt to chafe at the tedious Court ceremonies that occupied so much of each day, but the wonderful palace—Joyeuse, as they called it—of which he now found himself lord, seemed to him to be a new world fresh-fashioned for his delight; and as soon as he could escape from the council-board or audience-chamber, he would run down the great staircase, with its lions of gilt bronze and its steps of bright porphyry, and wander from room to room, and from corridor to corridor, like one who was seeking to find in beauty an anodyne from pain, a sort of restoration from sickness.

Upon these journeys of discovery, as he would call them—he would be alone, feeling through a certain quick instinct, which was almost a divination, that the secrets of art are best learned in secret, and that Beauty, like Wisdom, loves the lonely worshipper.

All rare and costly materials had certainly a

great fascination for him, and in his eagerness to procure them he had sent away many merchants, some to traffic for amber with the rough fisher-folk of the north seas, some to Egypt to look for that curious green turquoise which is found only in the tombs of kings, some to Persia for silken carpets and painted pottery, and others to India to buy gauze and stained ivory, moonstones and bracelets of jade, sandalwood and blue enamel and shawls of fine wool.

But what had occupied him most was the robe he was to wear at his coronation, the robe of tissued gold, and the ruby-studded crown, and the sceptre with its rows and rings of pearls. Indeed, it was of this that he was thinking tonight, as he lay back on his luxurious couch, watching the great pine-wood log that was burning itself out on the open hearth. The designs, which were from the hands of the most famous artists of the time, had been submitted to him many months before, and he had given orders that the artificers were to toil night and day to carry them out, and that the whole world was to be searched for jewels that would be worthy of their work. He saw himself in fancy standing at the high altar of the cathedral in the fair raiment of a King, and a smile played and lingered about his boyish lips.

After some time he rose from his seat, and leaning against the carved penthouse of the chimney, looked round at the dimly-lit room. The walls

were hung with rich tapestries representing the Triumph of Beauty. A laughing Narcissus in green bronze held a polished mirror above its head. On the table stood a flat bowl of amethyst.

Outside he could see the huge dome of the cathedral, looming like a bubble over the shadowy houses, and the weary sentinels pacing up and down on the misty terrace by the river. Far away, in an orchard, a nightingale was singing. A faint perfume of jasmine came through the open window. He brushed his brown curls back from his forehead, and taking up a lute, let his fingers stray across the cords. His heavy eyelids drooped and he fell asleep.

And as he slept he dreamed a dream, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was standing in a long, low attic, amidst the whirl and clatter of many looms. The meagre daylight peered in through the grated windows, and showed him the gaunt figures of the weavers bending over their cases. Pale, sickly-looking children were crouched on the huge cross-beams. Their faces were pinched with famine, and their thin hands shook and trembled. Some haggard women were seated at a table sewing.

The young King went over to one of the weavers, and stood by him and watched him.

And the weaver looked at him angrily, and said: "Why art thou watching me? Art thou a spy set on us by our master?"

"Who is thy master?" asked the young King. "The land is free, and thou art no man's slave."

"In war," answered the weaver, "the strong make slaves of the weak, and in peace the rich make slaves of the poor. We must work to live, and they give us such mean wages that we die. We tread out the grapes, and another drinks the wine. We sow the corn, and our own board is empty. We have chains, though no eye beholds them; and are slaves, though men call us free."

"Is it so with all?" he asked.

"It is so with all," answered the weaver. "Misery wakes us in the morning, and Shame sits with us at night. But what are these things to thee? Thou art not one of us. Thy face is too happy." And he turned away scowling, and threw the shuttle across the loom, and the young King saw that it was threaded with a thread of gold.

And a great terror seized upon him, and he said to the weaver: "What robe is this that thou art weaving?"

"It is the robe for the coronation of the young King," he answered; "what is that to thee?"

And the young King gave a loud cry and woke, and lo! he was in his own chamber, and through the window he saw the great honey-coloured moon hanging in the dusky air.

And he fell asleep again and dreamed, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was lying on the deck of

a huge galley that was being rowed by a hundred slaves.

The slaves were naked, but for a ragged loin-cloth, and each man was chained to his neighbour. The hot sun beat brightly upon them, and the negroes ran up and down the gangway and lashed them with whips of hide. They stretched out their lean arms and pulled the heavy oars through the water. The salt spray flew from the blades.

At last they reached a little bay, and began to take soundings.

As soon as they had cast anchor and hauled down the sail, the negroes went into the hold and brought up a long rope-ladder, heavily weighted with lead. The master of the galley threw it over the side, making the ends fast to two iron stanchions. Then the negroes seized the youngest of the slaves and knocked his gyves off, and filled his nostrils and his ears with wax, and tied a big stone round his waist. He crept wearily down the ladder, and disappeared into the sea. A few bubbles rose where he sank.

After some time the diver rose up out of the water, and clung panting to the ladder with a pearl in his right hand. And the pearl that he brought with him was fairer than all the pearls of Ormuz, for it was shaped like the full moon, and whiter than the morning star. But his face was strangely pale, and as he fell upon the deck the blood gushed from his ears and nostrils. He quivered for a

while, and then he was still. The negroes shrugged their shoulders, and threw the body overboard.

And the master of the galley laughed, and, reaching out, he took the pearl, and when he saw it he pressed it to his forehead and bowed. "It shall be," he said, "for the sceptre of the young King," and he made a sign to the negroes to draw up the anchor.

And when the young King heard this he gave a great cry, and woke, and through the window he saw the long grey fingers of the dawn clutching at the fading stars.

And he fell asleep again, and dreamed, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was wandering through a dim wood, hung with strange fruits and with beautiful poisonous flowers. The adders hissed at him as he went by, and the bright parrots flew screaming from branch to branch. Huge tortoises lay asleep upon the hot mud. The trees were full of apes and peacocks.

On and on he went, till he reached the outskirts of the wood, and there he saw an immense multitude of men toiling in the bed of a dried-up river. They swarmed up the crag like ants. They dug deep pits in the ground and went down into them. Some of them cleft the rocks with great axes; others grabbed in the sand. They tore up the cactus by its roots, and trampled on the scarlet blossoms.

They hurried about, calling to each other, and no man was idle.

From the darkness of a cavern Death and Avarice watched them, and Death said: "I am weary; give me a third of them and let me go."

But Avarice shook her head. "They are my servants," she answered.

And Death said to her: "What hast thou in thy hand?"

"I have three grains of corn," she answered; "what is that to thee?"

"Give me one of them," cried Death, "to plant in my garden; only one of them, and I will go away."

"I will not give thee anything," said Avarice.

And Death laughed, and he whistled through his fingers, and a woman came flying through the air. Plague was written upon her forehead, and a crowd of lean vultures wheeled round her. She covered the valley with her wings, and no man was left alive.

And Avarice fled shrieking through the forest, and Death leaped upon his red horse and galloped away, and his galloping was faster than the wind.

And the young King wept, and said, "Who were these men, and for what were they seeking?"

"For rubies for a king's crown," answered one who stood behind him.

And the young King started, and, turning round,

he saw a man habited as a pilgrim and holding in his hand a mirror of silver.

And he grew pale, and said: "For what king?"

And the pilgrim answered: "Look in this mirror, and thou shalt see him."

And he looked in the mirror, and, seeing his own face, he gave a great cry and woke and the bright sunlight was streaming into the room, and from the trees of the garden and pleasaunce the birds were singing.

And the Chamberlain and the high officers of State came in and made obeisance to him, and the pages brought him the robe of tissued gold, and set the crown and the sceptre before him.

And the young King looked at them, and they were beautiful. More beautiful were they than aught that he had ever seen. But he remembered his dreams, and he said to his lords: "Take these things away, for I will not wear them.

"For on the loom of Sorrow, and by the white hands of Pain, has this my robe been woven. There is blood in the heart of the ruby, and Death in the heart of the pearl." And he told them his three dreams.

And when the courtiers heard them they looked at each other and whispered, saying: "Surely he is mad; for what is a dream but a dream, and a vision but a vision? They are not real things that one should heed them. And what have we to do with the lives of those who toil for us? Shall a

man not eat bread till he has seen the sower, nor drink wine till he has talked with the vine-dresser?"

And the Chamberlain spake to the young King, and said: "How shall the people know that thou art a king, if thou hast not a king's raiment?"

And the young King looked at him. "Is it so, indeed?" he questioned. "Will they not know me for a king if I have not a king's raiment?"

"They will not know thee, my lord," cried the Chamberlain.

"I had thought that there had been men who were kinglike," he answered, "but it may be as thou sayest. And yet I will not wear this robe, nor will I be crowned with this crown, but even as I came to the palace so will I go forth from it."

And he bade them all leave him, save one page whom he kept as his companion, a lad a year younger than himself. Him he kept for his service, and when he had bathed himself in clear water, he opened a great painted chest, and from it he took the leathern tunic and rough sheepskin cloak that he had worn when he had watched on the hillside the shaggy goats of the goatherd. These he put on, and in his hand he took his rude shepherd's staff.

And the little page said smiling to him: "My lord, I see thy robe and thy sceptre, but where is thy crown?"

And the young King plucked a spray of wild briar that was climbing over the balcony, and bent

it, and made a circlet of it, and set it on his own head.

"This shall be my crown," he answered.

And thus attired he passed out of his chamber into the Great Hall, where the nobles were waiting for him.

And the nobles made merry, and some of them cried out to him: "My lord, the people wait for their king, and thou showest them a beggar," and others were wroth and said: "He brings shame upon our state, and is unworthy to be our master." But he answered them not a word, but passed on, and went down the bright porphyry staircase, and out through the gates of bronze, and mounted upon his horse, and rode towards the cathedral, the little page running beside him.

And the people laughed and said: "It is the King's fool who is riding by," and they mocked him.

And he drew rein and said: "Nay, but I am the King." And he told them his three dreams.

And a man came out of the crowd and spake bitterly to him, and said: "Sir, knowest thou not that out of the luxury of the rich cometh the life of the poor? By your pomp we are nurtured, and your vices give us bread. Therefore go back to thy Palace and put on thy purple and fine linen. What hast thou to do with us, and what we suffer?"

"Are not the rich and the poor brothers?" asked the young King.

"Ay," answered the man, "and the name of the rich brother is Cain."

And the young King's eyes filled with tears, and he rode on through the murmurs of the people, and the little page grew afraid and left him.

And when he reached the great portal of the cathedral, the soldiers thrust their halberds out and said: "What dost thou seek here? None enters by this door but the King."

And his face flushed with anger, and he said to them: "I am the King," and waved their halberds aside and passed in.

And when the old Bishop saw him coming in his goatherd's dress, he rose up in wonder from his throne, and went to meet him, and said to him: "My son, is this a king's apparel? And with what crown shall I crown thee, and what sceptre shall I place in thy hand? Surely this should be to thee a day of joy, and not a day of abasement."

"Shall Joy wear what Grief has fashioned?" said the young King. And he told him his three dreams.

And when the Bishop had heard them he knit his brows, and said: "My son, I am an old man, and in the winter of my days, and I know that many evil things are done in the wide world. The fierce robbers come down from the mountains, and carry off the little children, and sell them to the Moors. The lions lie in wait for the caravans, and leap upon the camels. The wild boar roots up the

corn in the valley, and the foxes gnaw the vines upon the hill. Canst thou make these things not to be? Wilt thou take the leper for thy bedfellow, and set the beggar at thy board? Is not He who made misery wiser than thou art? Wherefore I praise thee not for this that thou hast done, but I bid thee ride back to the Palace and make thy face glad, and put on the raiment that beseemeth a king, and with the crown of gold I will crown thee, and the sceptre of pearl will I place in thy hand. And as for thy dreams, think no more of them. The burden of this world is too great for one man to bear, and the world's sorrow too heavy for one heart to suffer."

"Sayest thou that in this house?" said the young King, and he strode past the Bishop, and climbed up the steps of the altar, and stood before the image of Christ.

He stood before the image of Christ, and on his right hand and on his left were the marvellous vessels of gold, the chalice with the yellow wine, and the vial with the holy oil. He knelt before the image of Christ, and the great candles burned brightly by the jewelled shrine, and the smoke of the incense curled in thin blue wreaths through the dome.

And the young King bowed his head and prayed, and when he had finished his prayer he rose up, and turning round he looked at them sadly.

And lo! through the painted windows came the

sunlight streaming upon him, and the sunbeams wove round him a tissued robe that was fairer than the robe that had been fashioned for his pleasure. The dead staff blossomed, and bare lilies that were whiter than pearls. The dry thorn blossomed, and bare roses that were redder than rubies. Whiter than fine pearls were the lilies, and their stems were of bright silver. Redder than male rubies were the roses, and their leaves were of beaten gold.

He stood there in the raiment of a king, and the gates of the jewelled shrine flew open, and from the crystal of the many-rayed monstrance shone a marvellous and mystical light. He stood there in a king's raiment, and the Glory of God filled the place, and the saints in their carven niches seemed to move. In the fair raiment of a king he stood before them, and the organ pealed out its music, and the trumpeters blew upon their trumpets, and the singing boys sang.

And the people fell upon their knees in awe, and the nobles sheathed their swords and did homage, and the Bishop's face grew pale, and his hands trembled. "A greater than I hath crowned thee," he cried, and he knelt before him.

And the young King came down from the high altar, and passed home through the midst of the people. But no man dared look upon his face, for it was like the face of an angel.

The Providing Law

RICHARD LYNCH

WE SHOULD all have those things which make for the comfort and well-being of life, and if we but understood the spiritual law back of all supply, they would never be denied us. Success in life does not consist of the possession of the material, but of that which is spiritual; therefore the possession of one's own soul should be the outstanding aim of each one of us.

The world's greatest fortune, we are told, is based upon a spiritual concept. The elder Rockefeller, according to report, was taught, as a boy, to balance the material with the spiritual, by habitually laying aside a tenth part of his small income, as a tithe. He has continued this practice until, at the present time, the Rockefeller Foundation alone amounts to an annual gift of many millions of dollars.

But, as a rule, men do not understand this balance as an important working principle in the attainment of true prosperity. We must come to recognize that, as we regard spiritual things first,

material things follow as a natural result. The ancient Hebrews acknowledged the basis of the providing law as a natural principle of action and reaction—giving and receiving. They established the custom of the tithe, returning to God a tenth part of each individual income, as an expression of gratitude, for bounty received.

The commonest belief in the tithe is that it is returned to the giver, in the ratio of one hundred-fold, and in this thought it is tied up with our own philosophy of prosperity. "Give freely, receive freely." We cannot prosper unless we give, for a gift invariably returns to bless its giver, in some desirable form, through some mysterious agency of which we know little, but in which we place our trust. It is an unquestioned fact that those who adopt the practice of tithing do prosper, and, in many instances, can trace their prosperity back to this original cause.

Tithing is a lesson in thrift. One who has learned to practice the giving of the tenth becomes wedded to it because of its collateral benefits. The tenth saved out of one's earnings is applied to noble uses. It forms a solace to the soul, in terms of actual substance returned to the Giver of All Good, for the promotion of good in the world. The satisfaction coming from this thought gives a sense of constant assurance of blessing.

One of the most prosperous organizations in this country is that of the Mormons. It was, and is

today, a requirement of the Church that every member shall give one tenth of his income to support its work. Perhaps no vicinity open to settlers was as wild and unproductive as the territory of Utah when the Mormons selected it as their home. On the basis of their tithing, one of the most magnificent temples of the world has been erected; and it may be said that, collectively, they are, today, one of the richest peoples of any country. There is no poverty in their midst; there are no social problems among them; and their representative men sit in the foremost councils of the nation. May we not suppose that their tithing, as a religious principle, has had a great deal to do with this prosperity?

A number of our present-day fortunes have been built upon the foundation of the tithe. The greatest of these fortunes began with the saving of pennies, when the elder Rockefeller was taught by his parents that one tenth of his earnings belonged to God. Whether as a boy, giving one penny out of ten he had earned, to his Sunday School, or as a young man venturing into business, or as a multi-millionaire of the world, Mr. Rockefeller has consistently kept up his tithing habit, until his present giving is on so vast a scale as to stagger the imagination.

What is the total amount expended by Mr. Rockefeller during a long lifetime of continued giving? No one is permitted to know, but the

amount on record approaches one billion dollars. Thirty-five years ago the progress of Rockefeller's plans for general giving became too vast for personal supervision. He organized and developed a system of investigation, research and application of funds, with the same astuteness that he has followed in accumulating his wealth.

A map showing the various parts of the world in which the Rockefeller gifts have been bestowed for schools, universities, welfare research, churches, public movements for social and civic betterment, reveals that this man's wealth has gone to every part of the earth. There is not a land that has not benefited by it. Almost every practical agency for relieving want and woe, and for giving encouragement, has been aided by this fortune. Monumental buildings in every country, peopled by teachers, scholars, and equipped with all that is new and desirable for increasing mental and physical efficiency, testify to his desire to "carry on" for Universal Good.

I have no intention of eulogizing Mr. Rockefeller. I have merely selected him as an example of what tithing will do when put into conscientious and whole-hearted practice. For behind some of the wisest giving of modern times has been the motivating spirit of the tithe.

In every spiritually-minded person is a desire to lend part of his income to good. Under the complexity of modern life, it is sometimes difficult to

follow the literal gospel precepts. One cannot visit those in prison, for this is no longer permissible. One cannot often feed the hungry or give drink to the thirsty, because organized agencies do these good works for us. One can help a little here and a little there, but often the best way to help is to place one's tenth in the hands of those whose business it is to seek out and investigate "neediest cases."

Far be it from me to promise prosperity to all who take up the custom of the tithe. It should not be sought merely to secure prosperity. It should be sought for the spiritual desire to share some of our good with those who need it, because that opens to us the inflow and the outflow of the life and love and the bounty of God.

In my textbook, *Work and Supply*, which is outlined on page 94, there is a chapter devoted to "The Tenth Part," from which I quote a paragraph:

"An outstanding feature of the law of prosperity is that nature yields her increase abundantly to the cheerful giver, for God loves this obedient son. Therefore I should say that the first essential in adopting the tithing plan is a willingness to give. Today I see more clearly than ever before what that master mind, Jesus, meant when he referred to the blessings that follow a free expression of giving. Blessing, rightly interpreted, means the conferring of prosperity upon one, and this, in turn, means the bestowing of all good things. We have

all seen instances of shriveled souls, directly due to financial grasping and withholding. Physical in-harmony, such as paralysis, often results from this state of mind."

Tithing sets in operation the great law of action and reaction, which is one of the fundamental principles of the Universe. Give and receive, so that you may give again, complying with the ever-active law of creation. We may not receive and hoard our supply. The channel must be kept open to the living Activity which is everywhere manifesting itself. In giving up selfishness and greed, we shall receive its manifestation of supply, and prosperity will overtake us.



Initiative

R. L. CAMPBELL

You have often heard it said, "It is better to try, and fail, than never to try at all." There is much truth in that statement, but Elbert Hubbard has put it better. He said: "The world bestows its big prizes, both in money and in honor, for but one thing—and that is INITIATIVE." Initiative. A comparatively small word, and yet there is not another word in the vocabulary of man that is so big with meaning. In fact, that one small word forms the sure foundation upon which any success may be builded.

Columbus was the first man to sail a ship across the stormy Atlantic to the shores of a then unknown world, and although he died in ignorance of what he had really accomplished his name will live throughout the ages. Perhaps he was no braver, nor called upon to face more perils than many of the navigators who followed him. But it was the initiative of Columbus that blazed the trail. Hence his name will continue to shine while

the names of many of those others have already been lost in oblivion.

Lindbergh was the first man to fly alone across the ocean. His name will be perpetuated throughout the ages. It was only a few weeks after he had accomplished his feat when other brave Americans piloted planes across the same ocean. They traveled more miles than Lindbergh did. They were in the air longer. You read about their exploit at the time, but just take your watch and count the minutes that pass before you can recall the names of these gentlemen. Why the difference? INITIATIVE, that is all. Lindbergh paved the way. They followed. And so it is in any line of endeavor.

Man is a peculiar being. And strange as it may seem, there are no two men in existence who are exactly alike. Nor are there any two who perform the same feat in exactly the same manner. Thus if we wish to be successful in any undertaking, we must do our act just a little differently from the way our predecessor did his. We must erect our own ladder if we wish to reach the same measure of success.

You read an amusing story. The first time you see it, you throw your head back and laugh and laugh. It is so funny that you re-read it, and laugh some more. A few weeks later you come across this same story in another magazine. Perhaps you read it again, but this time you merely smile. Later you see it in your daily paper. You

commence to read it, but this time you give up before you finish it. A few months later, you come across the story in your old "home town" weekly. You throw down the paper and say to yourself, "I wonder how that fool editor hopes to hold his handful of subscribers if he persists in giving them such dry and uninteresting reading matter!" Well, that story is exactly like the man who has no initiative. He may follow in the footsteps of some successful man and meet with reasonable success for awhile. But if he has no initiative, he will land in the "boneyard" sooner or later. Such a person reminds me of a firefly.

Initiative means preparation and study, as well as aggressiveness. If Lindbergh had merely watched someone else in the air; or if he had made only a few short flights before starting across the Atlantic, he would never have arrived at Paris. To lay the foundation for his success, he first studied the mechanism of his plane until he had thoroughly mastered it. Then he tried his plane in short flights amid favorable atmospheric surroundings. Later he tried it under less favorable conditions, and finally he took flight across the country from coast to coast. Then—and not till then—when he had become thoroughly familiar not only with his plane, but with atmospheric and all other conditions he would be called upon to contend with, did he try the hop across the ocean. He had initiative. But he had preparation and forethought, too. He did that which the other fellows thought could not

be done. He met success half way, and he made it easy for success to come the other half.

And so it is in any line of endeavor. To become successful a man must have the nerve to show initiative. He must first master the basic principles of the line he chooses, then blaze a new trail through the wilderness, remembering that the oft-repeated story soon becomes stale, and that the much traveled path is soon worn into a rut.



She Started Something

THE STORY OF WINIFRED MITCHELL

JAY MURPHY

SO MANY and so various have been the answers to that question—"What can a woman do at home to make money?"—that it seems superfluous to add more. But in reviving the ancient craft of fine hand weaving, Miss Mitchell has opened so great a field to those of her sex who must find things to do at home, that we felt we must find room for her story here.

A single handloom installed in a portable studio in the back yard of a low skyline place is quite the most modest of beginnings for an industry that in scarcely a decade has attained the status of a fine art, yet that is the meteoric rise of The Tenaflly Weavers enterprise, of New Jersey.

When Tenaflly women first laid eyes on the gossamer-like woolen scarves, the table covers that seemed to have been woven by a Plymouth Colony Bradford and the other arresting articles of pioneer

Mitchell production, they promptly went into the transports of ecstasy that only the feminine sex knows.

And why? Because the lone weaver had managed to get something of her soul and heart into the craftsmanship.

As a result, of course, it was no time before her wares had transcended a mere local popularity, for flunkied Park Avenue soon began to appear in garments thumped from her painstaking loom. Today the most exclusive shops of Newport, Palm Beach, Cannes, Deauville and Mayfair have steady inquiry for the output of her plant.

"Capital?" smiled Miss Mitchell. "Practically all mine consisted of was careful research preparation in the form of authentic data from domestic and foreign sources, and similar procedure. I didn't want any hit-or-miss commercial methods to prevail in my workshop. Every step had to be preceded by the fullest thoroughness possible."

As basic incidents of this commendable industrial program, in engaging dozens of weavers as the business was gaining an international reputation, Miss Mitchell selected only those who gave fair promise of developing into capable artisans. They were then required to serve several months' apprenticeship at a nominal remuneration. This stage passed, they were able to earn a really attractive wage.

From the very start she insisted upon excellent daylight facilities, healthful ventilation and regular

calisthenics to offset the physical rigors caused the weavers by the standing posture of the work.

In the same humane spirit, she tried to employ as many local girls as practicable. Thus she is trying to solve the commuting problem of the town, as the daily trip to and from New York eventually takes serious toll of the nervous systems of the young women bound to metropolitan positions.

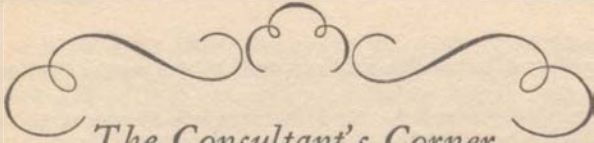
To keep Old Overhead at a minimum, she decided to do most of the dyeing. After an exhaustive study of ancient and modern treatises on the subject, dyeing paraphernalia was added to her equipment, and it was not long before she was not only equalling the hues from Old World tubs but the artistry usually identified with the black tent of a Kurd.

However, the path to success has not been without briars for her. Some years ago, when the business had reached an enviable place in the industrial sun, the fire that destroyed most of a Tenaflly block included the Mitchell plant in its ruinous wake. With the single exception of the account ledgers, all the property of the industry perished. These ledgers were saved through the coolness of an employee who slammed shut the door of the safe in which some of them lay, and threw the others out of a window. Miss Mitchell, who was in Englewood, an adjoining village, when the news of the disaster reached her, jumped into her car and


hurried to the conflagration. So that her weavers might lose as little wages as possible, before the flames were under control, this humane woman managed to secure the ballroom of the local town hall for the resumption of the industry. In the same spirit, orders were given for the immediate construction of large looms to replace those destroyed, and the very next day, she was fortunate enough to secure six small frames just completed by a manufacturer of Paterson, New Jersey, to fill a Canadian order, and these were installed in the new Tenafly premises.

Probably the greatest catastrophe of the fire was the loss of the 5,000 rare and costly designs Miss Mitchell had accumulated through the years. This loss was irreparable. But Miss Mitchell immediately started to rebuild her collection. She set her associates at work trying to recall from memory as many of the details of the designs as they could, and what one failed of, another frequently accomplished. By means of this patient, piecemeal process, the great mass of the patterns was eventually reassembled. Then a few months after the fire, Miss Mitchell made another European trip in quest of later designs and newer methods which might have been introduced into this crafts work.

Today the industry, supervised by a Scotchman familiar with all the intricacies of looms, boasts a staff of thirty weavers and is the foremost of its kind in the country.



The Consultant's Corner



Q. Can you send me an affirmation for increased prosperity, one that really works, that really brings one more money?

I shall be glad to pay for it if you will let me know what you charge for one.

Thank you!

P. V. B., New York City.

A. Any affirmation I can give you is merely an aggregation of words. And words don't mean anything. It's the thought behind them that counts. You've got to get the **FEELING** that truth is truth before any affirmation will do you any good.

As I see it, God gave us each the seeds of life and we can plant these seeds in anything we like, good or bad, health or disease, riches or poverty. Whatever we plant them in, that is what we shall bring forth. And the power that makes them bear fruit is our sincere belief in them.

If I were asked for the surest way of manifesting riches, I should say it is to take what you have, put your seeds of life into it, bless them and baptize them God's creative and intelligent life, charging them to increase and multiply and bring forth fruit for you an hundredfold. Then sow those seeds of life by giving of the riches you have in the most worthy work you know.

That requires faith—perfect faith. Don't do it unless you can hold the faith. But if you can, I've never known it to fail.

Q. After sending a second draft to you on the Bank of God, as you suggested on Page 223 of "The Life Magnet," I received the Air Mail letter sent by you in which you suggested that I unite my prayers with another for the things I need. This I have done constantly and know that our faith is great. We have the idea. We know that the farm is the foundation, the principal industry. Then it must be acceptable of the Lord. We have had reverses and need help and claim the promises of God. If the plan is so plain that a wayfaring man could not err therein, then surely I can understand. I've had the advantages of modern education in highest forms and I claim the promises of my Father. As you have explained so plainly, why shouldn't I?

I drew the draft never doubting that the Father would pay it, and now I am unable to understand what the reason is that it was not paid. Do I not have a right to it?

B. M., St. Louis, Mo.

A. Have you ever seen a mother bird pushing a young one out of its nest? What do you suppose she does it for? Not because she doesn't love it. Not because she's tired of feeding it. But because she knows that young one will never learn to fly unless it's made to. If when the mother bird pushed it out of its nest some charitable soul came along and saw the young bird's struggles, and out of the kindness of his heart picked up the young bird and carried it around, he would not be doing that young bird a kindness. On the contrary. He'd be doing the worst thing possible for it. He'd be keeping it from learning to fly.

That's just your case. The Father above has pushed you out of your nest. Why? Not because He doesn't love you, not because He's unable or unwilling to provide for you. But because He wants you to learn to use your own wings.

If I overcome your obstacle for you, what good would

the experience have done you? The Father would just have to send you some worse experience that I couldn't solve for you.

We're put here on this earth to learn certain things, to acquire certain traits of character. No one else can do it for us. And if we pass some of the burdens on to others, it merely means that harder ones will have to be sent our way. The Father never gave us a job to do that He did not also give us the means of performing. So put your confidence in Him. Look to Him for the way. And the way will open to you.

Q I am coming to you with my greatest trouble. My husband is a confirmed pessimist and a constant knocker. He seldom says anything but unpleasant things to me. My faith and belief sustains me, but you see what a trial it is. Now, with your wonderful magazine, "Mind, Inc." to help me, I believe God will listen and this can be stopped. I have had success in my undertakings and expect to be out of debt with plenty to do good with in the near future. I have great faith in your teachings and know you can help me.

Mrs. B. K., Washington, D. C.

A. I can quite appreciate the difficulties you're laboring under, for I don't think there's anything harder to work with than a nagging husband or wife.

But dwelling upon his faults will just make them worse. The only hope of rectifying them is to see him as he should be—see him as God sees him—then put the life of your faith into that perfect image until you've made him into it.

Read the exercise at the end of Lesson I in the May issue of "Mind, Inc." Look upon your husband as you've been seeing him as merely a very imperfect reflection of his perfect Ka. And decide to disregard that imperfect reflection and deal only with the original and perfect Ka.

That perfect Ka shows all the optimism, all the thoughtfulness, all the love, you would have him show. So put your faith in it. In a little while you will find these same traits being reflected in his physical manifestation which is your husband.

Q I have read a number of your books and have a question to ask you.

If an individual hates you bitterly when first meeting you and for some time afterwards, and then changes so as to love you with about the opposite intensity, is such love real and genuine, or is it for their own personal gain in some way which they of course do not tell you of?

Mr. A. A. L., Cleveland, Ohio

A. There's no hard and fast rule for hating and loving. Each case is individual, and you have to qualify each case by your knowledge of the individual's character. With that qualification, I'm glad to answer your question.

First, likes or dislikes are subconscious reactions to the mental attitudes of the individuals one meets. The celebrated French scientist, Dr. Hippolyte Baraduc, invented a machine to measure the vital currents each can give out when approaching people. He found that if you approach anyone disinterestedly or with dislike the negative needle moves through an arc of anywhere from 20 to 30 degrees, whereas if you approach them interestedly, and especially with the idea of doing them good, the positive needle moves the same or a greater distance.

I mention this just to show that you are actually giving out at all times certain vital forces which affect those you come in contact with. When you change the forces, the effects naturally change too. So instead of looking with suspicion upon the results, I'd suggest that you first examine into your own mental attitude towards the party in question to see if that was not what changed the results.

Q. In your books I find a trend of thought there that strikes very deep into my soul. It is that thought that after all is done and said, God is watching us, checking up on every act and thought, and that right must prevail, and that the only way to success is along the pathway of trust in God, love to our fellow creatures, and a sincere desire to do good as we pass along. And I see sometimes, as I follow out these thoughts, the time when the lion and the lamb will lie down together in peace, and when all men will endeavor to help each other. I have had such an intense desire to help my fellowman, but more often than not I meet with ingratitude. Even those whom I have tried to help at a real sacrifice from my own means and at a personal loss to myself have seemed to be the first to turn against me.

I have derived more comfort from your books than anything I have ever read, with the exception of the Bible, but when I think that I shall soon have passed across Life's Meridian on my journey down to the Land of the Setting Sun, with so little accomplished, so much to be done, and when I feel that I ought to do more, and that I am capable of doing so much more for myself and for others, I feel so little, so unworthy, so unfit for the things I feel I should and must do.

What is the matter with me, Mr. Collier? Have I chained my Libido to a tree down in my native mountains some place and left him there? If I have, how am I to get him loose? I sometimes feel that I am reaching out in the dark for something that is just beyond my grasp; I also know that these forces within me which I have never been able to harness and use are the strongest forces I have—those powers which I believe every man has, that when unleashed travel swifter and truer than an arrow, and make man so close to and so much like God.

Dr. E. W., Columbus, Ohio

A. I know just how you feel, for there have been a good many times when I've had the same thought myself.

Helping others often seems a very thankless job. The only kind of help that seems to pay immediate dividends is to help them help themselves. When you do things for them in any other way, you're just providing a crutch, and they not only feel a little or no gratitude for that crutch, but if you take it away from them they will revile you as heartless and everything that's mean. In short, charity as it's ordinarily practiced, does good only to the giver.

In our new magazine I'm trying to define in such fashion that anyone can understand it, the fundamental laws that govern life as we know it. Under separate cover I'm sending you rough outlines of the first draft of the first two or three lessons. They are far from complete, but they'll give you a general idea of the thought I have in mind.

There's not a thing wrong with you. You're just like all the rest of us in that you've been dividing your forces. You know, all power is either electric or magnetic. The electric is like the ordinary broadcasting station whose waves go in every direction. The magnetic is like the Marconi beam system which focuses all its power in a single direction.

I'd like you to glance over these manuscripts I'm sending you, then wait for the first copy of the magazine. I think it will give you an idea to focus your forces upon.

I have received and read your first copy of "Mind, Inc." Since your letter to me some time ago, and the little messages you sent before mailing the first copy of the magazine, I have been endeavoring to analyze myself from an impersonal standpoint, and I believe you are right in what you have said to me personally, and also what you have said in your book, that I have been dividing my forces, and not concentrating on the main object I have set out to accomplish. I can make an example from my own work here. I am an osteopath and when people come to me the first thing I try to teach them is to *relax* and let me do the work; I can get results that way, but when

they will not relax, and persist in trying to assist me, they block the entire works. In other words, I must teach them to cooperate with me by doing absolutely nothing, just making themselves passive, and trusting to my skill and training to do for them that which they cannot do for themselves. I believe we are, or I have been rather, trying to depend upon myself entirely too much; I feel I know my work, and that I am as good an osteopath as any of the others, and I have always felt that these things should merit a reward. However, I have known of people dying in a hovel who were talented far more than the other fellow who had outstripped them in the race for existence.

Now, I am trying to relax—let that power that God gave every man, that soul which is so nearly a part of Him, control my every action, and I have accomplished something already, and I feel (not just hope) that more will be accomplished.

Please accept my thanks for the letter and reading matter, and I also want you to feel that I am trying to get myself in tune with the broadcasting station which I know is sending out many things for me that I have let go by in the past.

Dr. E. W., Columbus, Ohio

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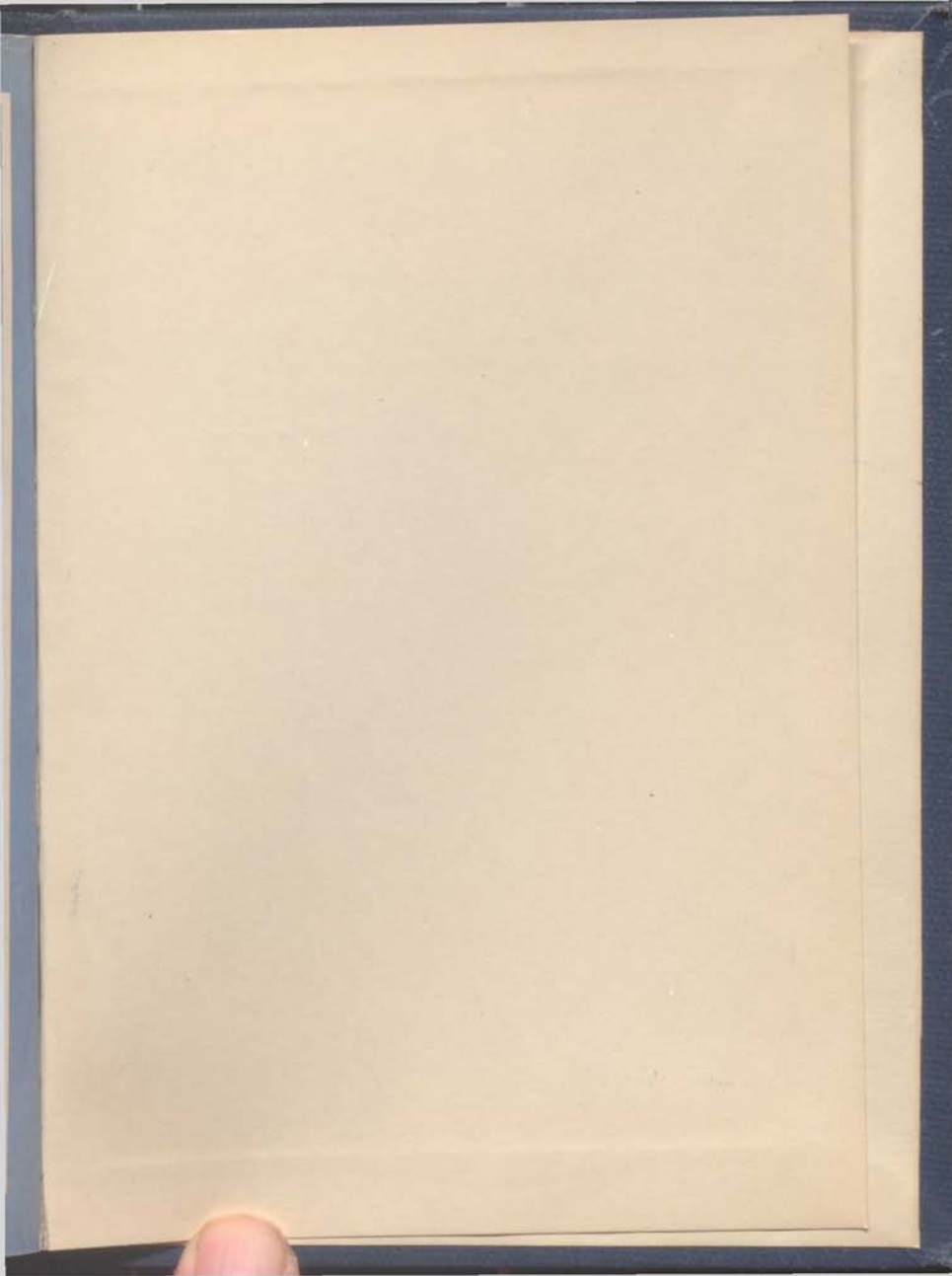
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